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THE DEAR SAINT ELIZABETH

*A tragic romance of true history, in four acts and
eight scenes, with musical accompaniment*

BY
ELIZA O'B. LUMMIS

*The heart of man should as a censer be,
Closed unto earth, but unto Heaven all free.*
—ROMAN BREVIARY



BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
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Respectfully dedicated to
His Eminence
JOHN M. FARLEY, D. D.,
Cardinal Archbishop
of
New York

PREFACE

The Drama was born in the Church, and however crude were the first "Mysteries," they stamped upon it the image of God, and sent it forth with the noble and dignified mission, of educating the people in the remembrance of things divine. If, as the world grows older, that mission has been forgotten, degraded and prostituted, the increasing popular interest in religious plays gives hope of a salutary reaction. The Passion Play at Ober Ammergau is an object lesson in future possibilities, and the Church may come to use again the picture lessons of the stage in repressing sensuality and impressing anew on the nations the living truths of christianity.

In canonizing a Saint, the Church sets her seal upon true virtue, that it may become an inspiration to mankind.

Unspiritual minds may not wholly grasp the motives that inspire heroic sanctity, nevertheless, we must regard the Saint not merely as a faultless statue of chaste marble, but as a being of flesh and blood tempted in all things as we, yet steadfastly living for higher things.

Such Soul Life expands as a flower, lifting itself above the mire of human passion to feed upon the dew and sunshine of Heaven, yet the germ of its ravishing beauty dwelt in the dust whence we too have sprung.

The Church rarely canonizes a Saint until one or more centuries have passed that the subject may be studied dispassionately. In the case of a martyr or a public character like Elizabeth who is canonized

PREFACE

by popular demand and whose virtues are attested by a whole people, the decree is hastened.

It may be further explained that while the miracles of a saint are necessary to the decree of canonization, as supernatural proofs of favors with God, all miracles are not accepted and must be proven by a rigid examination.

The Saint lore of the Catholic Church is a golden treasury for the dramatist. But whatever be the good will of non-Catholic or creedless writers, it is certain that the religious drama would gain greatly by Catholic interpretation.

That there is a future for the true religious play is not to be doubted. In this belief I submit to the judgment of an American public this first unworthy attempt to bring the life of a mediaeval Saint in touch with the modern Stage, and beg the encouragement of those who have at heart with myself the moral and artistic mission of the modern drama.

ELIZA O'B. LUMMIS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The drama follows closely the lines of true history and the characters and events are identified with the life story. The children of Saint Elizabeth were cast out with her, or rather, they followed their banished mother. As, however, the greater part of her life was lived in solitude, we have preferred to omit this fact as unduly increasing the incidentals of the play.

The moral of the drama is shown through logical results, being the outcome of principles expressed by the characters, as shown in their after-lives. Hugo a courtier, declares for the life of the senses and the gratification of the will; while Master Conrad, later the Director of Elizabeth, upholds the value of Christian detachment, proving that the man who is governed by passion becomes in time a weakling, unable to respond to the call of his better nature. Elizabeth typifies the Soul-life, and her virtue, though misunderstood by the people of her time, is later recognized by posterity. As a gracious example of beautiful womanhood, she seeks to impress her high ideals upon the frivolous men and women of her time. Failing in this direct endeavor, she lifts her own life to the spiritual heights she contemplates and influences the generations to come.

SYNOPSIS

ACT 1. SCENE 1

A festive scene. Peasants are dancing and preparations being made for the marriage of the young Elizabeth to Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia. The opening dialogue between Master Conrad and Hugo strikes the key-note and tells the story of the coming espousal. The bridegroom later, combats the disapproval of his frivolous courtiers, who fear the saintly bride will curb their pleasures. The bridal party approaches, and Elizabeth's character is revealed in some historic incidents. The marriage proceeds amid symbolic ceremonies, with singing by a choir of boys and by young maidens, who hold lamps in their hands, and scatter roses in the path of the bride.

ACT 2. SCENE 1

Louis, the young husband, takes the vow to go to the Holy War. Elizabeth is seen descending the rugged paths from the castle, and the historic miracle of the roses is gracefully introduced. In a love scene between the husband and wife, Elizabeth finds the crusader's Cross which Louis has concealed in his hunting pocket. She is overcome, and begs him not to leave her. But recognizing that she has inspired him to a manly and virtuous life, conquers her affection and bids him go to the Holy War. The curtain falls as the hunters return.

ACT 2. SCENE 2

The departure of the crusading army. The heroism of Elizabeth and Louis is contrasted with the

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weakness and irresolution of Hugo, who cannot brave, the hardships of the soldier's life. Agnes, Louis' sister, urges Hugo to the endeavor, but a representative of his sensual existence uses a counter influence which succeeds.

ACT 3. SCENE I

Elizabeth, in the absence of her husband, encourages the women of her time to more useful lives, saying that industry was once the guardian of womanly virtue. There is a famine in the land and the poor troop in to be fed. They are envious and ungrateful, but Elizabeth turns their hatred into respect and love. She encourages a woman who complains of "the curse of children," by pointing out the glory of motherhood. Hugo is among the poor, penniless and despairing. On many pretexts the people have turned against Elizabeth, and insurrection has grown in her kingdom. During a tournament in the castle news is brought that Louis is dead. The messenger brings the ring he gave as a true token. Elizabeth is inconsolable, and vows her love to heaven. A mob beats at the gates and Henry, Louis's brother, claims the throne. He is upheld by many and exiles Elizabeth, putting her out in the snow storm that is raging, alone with her maid, Guta.

ACT 3. SCENE 2

Elizabeth is seen descending a rugged path, a light around her head, while angel voices are faintly heard amid the storm. She seeks shelter at the Monastery where Monks are chanting the evening hymn, but Henry has forbidden his subjects to give

her refuge. A poor woman whom she has befriended ungratefully refuses to harbor her, and frivolous courtiers returning from a ball ridicule and denounce her. Cast out by all, she recognizes a higher Providence in these events, and by the sacrifice of earthly affections hopes to gain the precious Pearl of Divine Love, for which a man must sell all that he hath. Dawn comes slowly as Elizabeth and Guta find refuge in the Church, which is brightly illuminated as she enters; the old sacristan crying out that "an angel has passed!"

ACT 4. SCENE I

Elizabeth, exiled, is living in a wretched hovel, tending the poor, and revered as a Saint. Francis of Assisi has sent her his mantle. She cures Hugo of moral leprosy and gives him new courage. Her friends approach to offer her riches and a marriage with the Emperor Frederick of Germany.

Having learned wisdom through self-renunciation, she refuses all earthly consolation. She is a Queen indeed now, having won the hearts of her people by condescension and tender sympathy. She has found at last the Soul Life. "The body is nothing," etc., etc.—"The Soul, a beauteous thing! It buds in life, but Heaven's its blossoming!" The scene ends with her death on a poor pallet, amid heavenly manifestations that are withdrawn as faith grows in those around. A paralytic is healed and the people cry out that Elizabeth is a Saint. Conrad, her Director, bids them await the Church's verdict. "It will come in time!"

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ACT 4. SCENE 2

MUSICAL TABLEAU

The canonization of Elizabeth is represented amid ringing of bells and chanting of the *Te Deum*. Inspired by a worthy object, art, music and song reach their highest perfection in the aim of glorifying God. The Papal delegate holds the decree, Hugo in Crusaders' dress guards the catafalque; rich and poor mingle in a crowd. The Emperor Frederick is laying his crown on the tomb and a living picture of the Miracle of the Roses is revealed.

NOTE

The music to accompany this play is defined as a Tone Poem, consecutive and symbolic, which, striking at first the note of the material, leads the audience by degrees to the spiritual heights of the Finale. The music incidental to the festivities should be given on the stage. The celestial music should come from above; while the orchestral music should accompany the play as thought follows upon speech and blooms into words or is the inspiration of them. Thus the music may be compared to a dialogue, where each part has an individual character, and all combined tell the story in musical numbers.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Louis. Landgrave of Thuringia (20 years old).
 Henry. His brother.
 Conrad of Marburg, Palmer & Ap. Delegate, later
 Confessor to Elizabeth.
 Count Stephan | Friends of Louis.
 Count Hugo |
 Walter of Varila (Seneschal).
 The Bishop of Bamberg (Uncle to Elizabeth).
 Thibault of Champagne |
 (King of Navarre) | Court Minstrels.
 Henry Von Ofterdingen |
 Kurt, A Young Page.
 A Sacristan.
 1st Beggar.
 2nd Beggar.
 Two small children, the eldest a boy of 6 years.
 A Paralytic.
 The Princess Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary and
 Duchess of Thuringia (when married to Louis, 15
 years old).
 The Princess Agnes, sister to Louis.
 Sophie, Mother to Louis.
 Guta |
 Isentrude | Friends of Elizabeth.
 Maida |
 A Gypsy.
 Ladies of Honor, Beggars, Lepers, Courtiers,
 Hunters, Acolytes, Children and Crusading Army.
 (Many small parts may be duplicated).

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- Scene 1. | Eisenach, Thuringia, (with distant
Scene 2. | view of Warburg Castle).
Scene 3. The Valley of Lilies.
Scene 4. Great Hall in the Castle of Warburg.
Scene 5. Eisenach, etc., as before.
Scenes 6, 7, 8. Marburg, Street and Market-
place.

THE DEAR SAINT ELIZABETH

ACT I. SCENE I

A woodland approach to Eisenach, the Castle of Warburg above on the heights, reached by circuitous mountain paths. At the foot of the hill on the left are indicated a peasant's hut and a monastery, embowered in trees. To the right a church facade with steps. Midway a large wayside crucifix, hung with grapes and ears of corn. Festoons and decorations everywhere. Peasants strolling and dancing a national dance in the background. Hugo, in gala attire talking covertly with a peasant girl. Conrad, in pilgrim's dress, leaning on his staff looking on. He is watching Hugo with some curiosity. Preparations for the marriage are being made and the church bells chime softly at intervals.

CONRAD—Pardon, Sir! I'm but a stranger in the city. What means this festivity? These garlands? Surely some event more than common! 'Tis a goodly sight! Much has chanced, no doubt, since last I passed this way, some years now gone.

HUGO—A stranger surely, not to have heard of happenings like these. 'Tis an old story. The Princess Elizabeth of Hungary, who hath been brought up at this Court since she was but a little maid, is about to marry our Sovereign, the Landgrave Louis. For a whole week has the city made holiday. Some said that the marriage would never take place. The maid would rather chant hymns and fast, they said, than yield herself to her lover's arms. (Bells chime gaily). Yet it has come to pass. Hark to the marriage bells!

CONRAD—How times passes! It all cometh back to mind! I remember the child at her father's

Court in Hungary years since. A tiny maid, with promise of great beauty. Gay as a sunbeam, yet with a pitiful heart for suffering; and always at her prayers. They said she talked with the angels!

HUGO—True. A saintly maid. But for my part, I do not admire prudery! 'Twill be a sorry day for us when she is mistress of the land. Long faces; prayers; fasting and minding one's manners! Not for me! (He dances about and cries gaily); Life was made to enjoy say I! I love good wine, and merry maids, and feasting and sweet delights! Why are we given our senses but to delight them with pleasure?

CONRAD—(Seriously, laying his hand on Hugo's arm). You do not then lay claim to a higher life than that of the senses? So lives the cur! Yet he owns one virtue that men sometimes lack. Fidelity to a Master! You, it seems, know no will but your own!

HUGO—(Shaking off Conrad). Save your maxims for the pulpit! Am I not a man? My own master! Knowing well what I want, and with a mind to choose and have my way? That hath not your cur.

CONRAD—Nay, man! The body is mated to the Soul! An unequal union, if the body, too kindly comforted, doth drag it down from noble flights. (Approches him again, reasoning kindly). You are not Master, but Slave! He is the man who can say to the body: I am Master, not you! What I will, I shall deny you. The Soul is King within me, and the Body is but its Thrall!

HUGO—(Impatiently shaking him off; laughing in a good natured way). Go to! You grow wearisome. Keep your homilies till I can better stomach

them. Lent is coming! Nay, I will play my life against yours, but I have the best of it. Time will tell! (Approaches C. and whispers). A word in your ear. Secure your place in good season. There will be goodly feasting and you look hungry. Ha! Ha! Ha! (Laughs and exit).

CONRAD—Farewell, Sir! 'Tis ever thus with youth, that seeketh Self alway, instead of God! (With dignity, shaking his head, and looking back. He enters the church reverently).

(Orchestra plays a low running Prelude as peasants arrange carpet and flowers for the bridal and the music grows fainter until lost.)

Enter Louis, dressed as a bridegroom, with Hugo and other courtiers.

LOUIS—Faith! Ye spent so much time in robbing me, my Lords, I greatly feared my bride would think I did lack ardor!

HUGO—Would that thou did'st lack ardor in her cause!

(The others press forward and stand with him, facing Louis).

STEPHAN—My Lord, he thinks as we; who dared not speak. The bride's a saint! But men and Kingdoms need a woman who's something more of earth and less of Heaven!

(Louis is amazed).

HUGO—(Excitedly pacing up and down)—Such virtue's out of place in times like these! We are not monks; to fast and chant out prayers! Would thou had'st found a mate (ashamed to speak)—less holy then! who'd queen it here. Is it too late to mar this marriage?

LOUIS—(With energy)—That I ne'er shall do! (lifts his cap). Mine own sweet little sister! How

can men speak so! (Looks in amazement and disgust at courtiers).

HUGO—(Resignedly). Well! Pious wives note not, for prayers, when husbands' hearts do stray.

LOUIS—(Turning in anger and drawing sword). Hugo! thou art my friend, or with this steel I'd smite those prating lips, that speak a heart of guile. (Putting back sword). Nay friends; (overcomes himself) forgive such heat upon this holy day. (Turns and faces them). Come, gentlemen, I swear! If beauteous dames from lands afar were brought to this my court, I'd choose but her. Her virtue do I prize more than my Kingdom! Virtue's more rare than Beauty; far! If ye do love me, speak no more like this. Elizabeth's my bride. Or none. Come let's within; the trumpet sounds her coming. (They enter the church). The bells chime softly at intervals, and a fanfare of distant trumpets is heard. Also distant bridal march is sung. A crowd gathers, peasants are pushed back to make room. The bridal procession enters, preceded by the cross bearers, incense, etc; a prelate in cardinal's robe; choir boys in quaint monastic dress, singing two verses of the Bridal hymn. They are followed by a number of young girls in white, holding lamps high in their hands and with baskets of roses which they strew, singing alternately with the boy choir two verses of their song.

BRIDAL HYMN

Hail to the Bride, upon whose raven tresses
The sunlight falls, a crown of mystic gold!
Hail to the maid, whose union Heaven blesses,
Hasten to praise her while the hours are tolled!
Hail to the Bride. Hail to the Bride!

Joy and delight shall wait upon her footsteps.
Hail to the Bride whose troth is pledged to-day!
Glory to God and joy unto His handmaid;
Hail to the Bride! oh sing along the way!
Hail to the Bride! Hail to the Bride!

SONG OF THE MAIDENS

Their song is more solemn (with organ) forming a contrast in harmony to the boys' joyous hymn, which is light and graceful in cadence. They sing the chorus together in contrasting time.

MAIDEN'S SONG

The Bridegroom cometh! Go ye forth to meet
Him,

Oh! Virgins pure! Your lamps with love alight!
Be ye found worthy at the joyous summons,
Quickly to follow in your garments white!
(Repeat last words).

See! o'er the hills the radiant dawn is breaking!
There! mid the lilies He doth wait for thee;
Rise, love and come, the shadows flee before Him!
With thy Beloved, evermore thou'lt be.

(They enter the church while the rest of the bridal party follows; the Landgravine Sophie precedes the Princesses Elizabeth and Agnes, who walk together. Elizabeth is in bridal dress and is attended by Walter of Varila and Kurt who is in white and carries her prayerbook. Courtiers, ladies of honor, etc. The princesses wear jewelled crowns. While the procession is taking time to enter the church the bridal party stops a moment and separates—Walter of Varila attending at the church door).

AGNES—(Turns to admire her dress; whispers to Elizabeth) Sister, there are many gallants at court today. The Emperor of Germany, it is whispered, may aspire to my hand! (Aloud) Doth my robe become me? My tire woman hath wrought it bravely, think you not? The train of lace, is from far Venice! And the diamond sparklets shine in the sun like frost jewels. Tell me, do I look well?

ELIZABETH—Sister, thou art always beautiful to me! And thy dress becometh thee rarely. Yet forgive me if today, I cannot dwell on trivialities. (Clasps her hands joyously). The heart of the Bride must dwell in Heaven on her marriage morning! The maid who giveth herself in marriage crosseth the threshold of a new world. An Eden! it may be! but the serpent lieth hidden among the roses to delude her if she be unwary! Not like Eve I'd be to lure my love to ruin. A helpmate rather; to set my feet and his upon a ladder, that leadeth to the stars!

(So Sophie). Madame! Let me kneel but a moment at the shrine where I have oft found comfort; I have need of wisdom!

Orchestra. (The running joyous accompaniment pianissimo. Characteristic motive of Elizabeth).

SOPHIE—(Reluctantly). Go then. But delay not more than a moment child. Remember, thou hast a realm to govern and must be more worldly wise!

(Elizabeth kneels before the crucifix. She prays simply as a child, but becomes inspired).

ELIZABETH'S PRAYER

O Lord Divine, when but a little child, I laid my flowers here. Now these my joys I bring to

gain thy blessing. (Musing). 'Tis pitiful and true! Earth's glories fade in one brief moment. Lord, give what is best; what Thou, O God! would'st find most precious. (She is silent a moment then looks up). Lord, this earth of thine crowned Thee with sorrows. (Startled). I am crowned with gems! Oh, thoughtless maid, to flaunt thy jewels here! I'll cast them hence with tears. (Takes off her crown and lays it at the foot of the crucifix). And ask but only this; to comfort Thee, O Christ! Who weepst men's sins, with my poor sympathy. (Prostrates herself a few moments, with a fold of her mantle held before her face. (Courtiers talk in groups, laughing covertly about Elizabeth. Hugo and Stephan approach Agnes who coquets with them).

(When E. speaks the music is pianissimo. When she is silent, the music is heard more loudly in a tender cadence).

AGNES—(Angrily). Trivialities indeed! (more sadly—to herself). Yet she is right! The beauty of the King's daughter is within! (Resuming her frivolous manner). Nay, we must live joyously as all the world. (Laughing merrily). The roses of youth bloom but once!

(Hugo and Stephan join with her in talking and laughing in low tones).

SOPHIE—(Walking up and down angrily). Come Madam! Enough! We are not saints like you! Parading our singular piety to the world. Why are you not like all the rest? You pray like an old nun who has nothing else to do. Put on your crown and let us end this nonsense!

AGNES—(Pettishly). Sister, you forget your station and us! I wonder that my brother should have consented to marry you: your tastes are those

of the peasant and you shame us. I am quite sure that you were changed in the cradle!

(Trumpet sounds within church). All start and prepare to take places.

ELIZABETH—(Coming forward ashamed). Madam, Agnes, I beg you to pardon me! 'Tis my wedding day! And wrapt in prayer, I forgot all else. (With an ecstatic look—eyes raised to Heaven). The Bridegroom cometh! Let us go to meet him! (Bells chime and march taken up as they enter the church. Walter of Varila enforces silence on the Courtiers pressing about him).

COURTIERS—(To Walter). 'Tis not yet too late. Break up this marriage! (All enter and choral music is heard in the church and the bell chimes for the elevation of the Host. The peasants kneel reverently, crowding towards the door to peep within. The choir takes up the bridal hymn in bright and joyous measure. The Courtiers come out in procession, the Ladies of Honor, etc. The maidens holding lamps high in their hands stand, scattering roses in the path of the Bride. They divide, grouping themselves on either side of the church steps and swaying in a graceful rhythmic dance. The boys sing the last verse just before the bride appears, as the maidens scatter the roses. Concerted harmony, the joyous notes of the bridal march overpowering for the moment the mystical cadences.

BRIDAL HYMN

Scatter your roses on the royal highway;
 Charm with sweet music every care away!
 Tread but on flowers while the hours are flying,
 Hail to the Bride and to her Spouse for aye!

Hail to the Bride,
 Hail to the Bride!

(The Bride and Bridegroom stand on the church steps, with prelate behind, holding his hands over them in blessing. The chimes peal out; the orchestra takes up the theme in a burst of joyous music. The people go wild, throwing their caps in the air and shoutinng "Huzza! Heaven bless them!" etc. The Courtiers come out behind the bridal party making a tableau.)

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II. SCENE I

(5 Years Later)

(Woodland and hunting musical theme, rippling of brooks. The horns of the Hunters are heard, and the baying of dogs. Hunters and Falconers rush past with spears and cross-bows, one of them holding back by the leash two greyhounds).

FIRST HUNTER—Which way went the quarry?

SECOND HUNTER—We will scare him from his lair by our numbers. (Takes the leash). Stay here, some of you, until we call.

FIRST HUNTER—Sound two blasts then, upon the horn, for we would be in at the death. (They throw themselves down on the turf to rest and throw dice or mend their hunting gear in the background. Enter Louis and Conrad of Marburg in conversation. They sit on a rustic seat, talking).

(In this scene the orchestral music is light and graceful, but sad and tender at times. A motive of Elizabeth at the rose miracle. The music should accompany the scenes with an occasional interlude).

LOUIS—Conrad, I have long felt restless in the luxury of Court life. It unmans me. I would do braver service for Heaven before I die. Say! What news cometh of late from Jerusalem?

CONRAD—The infidels are in possession of the Holy Sepulchre, and the sacred ground hallowed by the footsteps of the Saviour. Little need to ask if there be want of men like thee! Of late the English King hath wars at home and hath withdrawn his army. Louis, thou must be our leader! Yet have I held my peace, knowing the ties that bind thee. Jerusalem! 'Tis the clarion call to every true heart! What nobler service than to battle for

honor of the Most High?

LOUIS—(Struggles with himself; walking up and down in agitation). Thou hast indeed taken me at my word. Love's ties are strong, my friend! (Struggles with himself). My wife, my little ones; my people! Yet if God call they must e'en be broken. (Takes off cap).

CONRAD—Courage! Walter of Varila will act as Seneschal in thy absence. 'Tis a trusty heart.

LOUIS—(Bravely). Then must it be done; nay, it shall be done! (Debating with himself). To fight for the Church! To wrest from pagan hands the sacred Christian shrines; it sets my soul on fire! I were less than a man to remain behind! How can Christians spend whole lives in pleasure and dallying? To die perchance for the faith; 'tis worth a kingdom! (Musingly).

CONRAD—Thou hast the spirit of Kings! Yet remember, the Crusader faces hard service, cold, hunger, wounds. He renounceth comfort for the body, and findeth death, too often in the end.

LOUIS—(Humbly). I am, I trust, a true Christian, and have ever denied myself. 'Tis not so hard a fate! A soldier must needs fare roughly. God will strengthen him in the true cause. (Proudly). The Crusader weareth the Cross upon his bosom, which carried with love turneth bitter waters to sweet.

CONRAD—Take then at my hand the Vow of the Crusader. Wilt thou seek first The Kingdom of God and His Glory, and fight to defend the cause of Christ? (Louis kneels and kisses Conrad's ring, saying, "I will!")

CONRAD—Take then His emblem as a symbol. In this Sign shalt thou conquer! (Makes the Sign of the Cross over him and gives him a small cross).

LOUIS—(Kissing the cross and rising). Faith groweth in me; and hope and love! God giveth strength! (Agonized). Yet must I pay the price, Elizabeth! (He struggles with himself).

(Soft music, with harps, the motive accentuated).

(While they speak, Elizabeth descends the path from the Castle, attended by Kurt, a young page. She carries something in her robe. She is confused at seeing them and would pass. But Louis turns and sees her.)

LOUIS—(Whispers to Conrad). I cannot tell her yet. Not yet! (He hides the Cross in his hunting pocket). (They watch her coming).

CONRAD—Courage, son! I will leave thee for a little; to say mine office in these shady dells. (Exit).

LOUIS—(Calls to Elizabeth). Come hither, loved one!

ELIZABETH—(Reluctant and confused, she would pass and tries to conceal her burden). Forgive me, Louis; I cannot stop today! The poor await me.

LOUIS—(Annoyed). Have I not told thee that I like not to see thee tread so often unattended, these rough mountain paths? Thou art still delicate and tender; and there are rough characters abroad at times. Where are thy maids? Let them be thy messengers.

ELIZABETH—(Approaches him and pleads tenderly and coaxingly). Be not angry, husband! The poor love not to be thus served. Their lot is hard and they yearn for pity, more even than for food. The crust we cast to them they devour like dogs; but blessed, and given by a pitying hand, it gaineth Sacramental grace, and lifteth them to humanity. Who would rob oneself of such honorable service?

LOUIS—(Still annoyed). Thou art always right, Elizabeth. Yet this is too much! What is here? carried like a peasant, in thy robe? (She is confused and lifts her eyes to heaven).

ELIZABETH—Nay, Louis, love, the poor—'tis bread and wine.

LOUIS—(Seizing her robe roughly, there falls from it a shower of red and white roses). What is this? 'Tis not the time for roses. Where culled ye them?

ELIZABETH—(Confused). Oh Louis! Ask me not!

LOUIS—Why, what strange thing is this! no bread or wine, and roses!—whence are they? (Elizabeth prays).

KURT—(Running up). Roses! Roses from Heaven! My Lord; she carried bread and wine! I saw her take it from the Castle and begged to share her burden. She prayed; and God has changed it to roses! Oh Master, I think my Lady is an angel; don't you? I shall be like her when I grow up! Perhaps I may work miracles too; if only I have faith enough!

HUNTERS—A miracle! (They crowd around blessing themselves. Louis kisses the hem of Elizabeth's robe.)

LOUIS—Beloved! I am not worthy of thee.

ELIZABETH—(Confused). Kneel not to me, but to Heaven! (Joyously). It hath justified my service to the poor! Oh, Louis, praise not me; to God the glory! 'Tis no virtue of mine that worketh grace. 'Tis God's power, that in a heart wholly given to him, soundeth sweet music, as a wind-harp attuned to the fluttering breeze answers its fluttering caress.

KURT—(Gathering the roses with delight). Madame! May I gather these roses from Heaven,

and place them at the feet of Our Lady in the Chapel? Roses from Heaven! (At a gesture from Elizabeth he gathers them.)

LOUIS—Stay, Kurt. Give me one of Heaven's roses to guard upon my heart as the emblem of one as innocent and fair. May it keep my soul pure when I am far away! (Sadly. Kurt gives him the rose and runs to the castle, stopping ever and anon to look at and kiss the roses).

ELIZABETH—(Startled). What meanest thou? Art thou going on a journey?

LOUIS—(Confused). Leave the poor but once for thy poor husband, and let us talk together. Sit here. (Two blasts are heard on the horn in the distance; all listen; the signal sounds again; the hunters start up, assume their hunting gear and run out).

LOUIS—The hunters have run down their quarry. (Interested). What luck today I wonder?

(Louis and Elizabeth alone. She leans her head on his breast and he puts his arm around her).

ELIZABETH—(Conscience stricken). Is it true, Louis; do I neglect thee, dear heart? That must not be. The husband must come first! (Coaxingly). How little are we together in the weary routine of Court life! The poor envy us the empty sparkle of our jewels, and we in return envy them for what they do not prize. They never hear aught but the truth, no flattery nor honeyed speeches full of insincerity. And when they love (smiles up at him), none come between to make mischief. Dost know, Louis, I wish thou wert not Landgrave at all, but just a poor simple shepherd with a flock of sheep and tender little lambs!

LOUIS—And what of thee?

ELIZABETH—(Gaily). Just thy little wife! Singing beside thee all day on the fragrant hillside! and

at night I'd keep the fireside corner bright and joyous when the storm raged without. None should trouble our peace. Alas, 'tis but a dream!

LOUIS—Yet, beloved, there would be still those who envied our happy lot, and counted our poverty riches. 'Tis but a dream, and we must wake! (Sadly).

ELIZABETH—Yet the happy years have flown, even here! Dost know, Louis, the secret of happiness is love and content! With thee I am always happy, and want nothing but Heaven. But wilt thou always love me?

LOUIS—Surely. (He kisses her hand).

ELIZABETH—Yet beauty fades and is gone! See! (Takes the rose in her hand). 'Tis like this white rose! Coming but now from Heaven, its snowy petals droop already for the crystal water which is its life. (Kisses the rose and gives it back to him).

LOUIS—I swear to thee, Elizabeth, that my heart is a shrine where thou alone art enthroned. 'Tis a mirror that reflects no image but thine own, nor ever shall. (Takes a ring from his finger). See, Elizabeth! Upon this golden band are graven three short words that circle forever my affections. Read them.

ELIZABETH—(Reading). God! Thuringia! Elizabeth! How beautiful! (Clasps her arms around his neck).

LOUIS—Give it me again, and let us once more plight that troth that scarce needs such renewal. I promise thee to wear this little token always, and should I be thought dead, believe no messenger, unless he bear again to thee this golden circlet. When it leaves my hand, I shall breathe no more! (Elizabeth puts the ring on his finger. She looks sad and agitated at his solemn words).

ELIZABETH—Oh, Louis, speak not of parting. Yet should the token come thus again to my hand, I should vow my life to Heaven! (Rises with ardor). Yea, Louis! The husband and wife are not twain, but one flesh! The void made in my heart by thy death shall be filled with God alone! (Seats herself wearily and leans on his breast). Clouds and an occasional distant peal of thunder. The air is growing chill. Speak no more of death; it fills me with strange alarms. Let's talk of lighter things. (Takes up his hunting pocket. He snatches it from her in alarm). Why Louis, secrets, after such vows of fidelity? Hide nothing from me! I am curious now. Give it me! (Laughs gaily. He allows her to take it but hides his face in his hands; she is not looking at him, but opens the pouch). Food for the falcon! He has gone hungry today! A scourge! (Takes out a discipline). Ah! Thou hidest thy devotions from me least I augment mine own. (Laughs merrily).

LOUIS—(Ashamed). 'Tis but to discipline mine too unruly nature, prone to evil. Alas! One must bear arms against the foes within, as well as without!

ELIZABETH—(Takes out the Cross). What's this? Stay! there is a word graven upon it! (Rises in agitation). Jerusalem! The Holy Wars! Oh, husband, leave me not! (She falls back fainting). (Clouds gather and one or two distant peals of thunder are heard. It passes).

LOUIS—(Reasoning with her). Beloved! I leave thee only for a higher worship. Listen, Elizabeth! I have sworn to defend the Holy Shrine; but my vow binds me not without thy consent! This life is thine, sworn to thy service at the holy altar. 'Tis thou, little maid, that hast taught me to

live for noble things, and thine example hath led ever higher. Remember! We have set our feet upon a ladder that leadeth to the stars! Shall I turn back? (Struggles with himself). Oh, strengthen me! Mine own weak nature playeth me traitor!

ELIZABETH—Oh Heaven; the day of joy is brief; 'tis already clouded! (In an agony she conquers herself). Go! Louis! I were but a weak woman, an unworthy wife, to hold thee back. God wills it! Oh, what is Faith if not a light in our dark hours! God dwelleth still beyond the stars! Love is not love if it chant not the royal hymn of Sacrifice. (Suddenly fainting as if at a new thought). But if thou art to fall upon the field. (Shrieks and then kneels, sobbing at Louis' knees). Oh, God, give me strength; courage! O, thou of little faith! (Bravely, standing). Louis, fear not! The storm has passed! If thou shouldst fall upon the field, 'tis a noble death. And if it be, I will live as the angels till we meet again in the land where shadows come no more. Faith lights the way! Let us be strong!

(Louis rises and puts his arm about her).

LOUIS—My saint! Thy words, like strengthening cordial, animate my soul. Come! Let us talk of the little ones. We will return together. The day wanes, and we can talk as we go. (They go up together along the rough paths of the Castle, talking, his arm around her. The horns sound again joyously. The Huntsmen return with a boar over their shoulder, and game, etc. The storm has passed and the sunset is golden and bright).

FIRST HUNTER—'Twas fine sport! Yet we lost the better beast! Pest! That my hand should have chanced such a careless shot.

SECOND HUNTER—'Twas my fault, I suppose. I

nudged thee too soon. 'Tis strange, the quarry that escapes is always the bigger animal! (Laughs boisterously). 'Tis luck! Pest! I am hungry as a Hunter. I could eat a haunch of venison!

FIRST HUNTER—In good time then! See! The white flag flieth from the Castle. Let us hasten, 'tis close upon the hour. (They go up towards the Castle as the Angelus chimes out from the tower. They take off their hats and remain motionless).

(Curtain).

ACT II. SCENE 2

The Valley of Lilies (beyond the city).

Three months later.

A large cross stands at the parting of the ways. In the distance snowy peaks along the horizon. The foreground is at first in sunlight. Later the light shifts until the foreground is in twilight, while the setting sun shines on the hills beyond.

Conrad with Louis stands on an eminence reviewing the troops. Elizabeth is praying at the foot of the cross with her little children. The Crusaders pass in relays with banners flying, singing at intervals the Crusader's hymn. As one detachment passes, singing, the refrain comes faintly back from those who have gone before. The manliness, purpose and simplicity of the Crusaders is contrasted with the effeminate luxury of the Court. A crowd of Courtiers, ladies and peasants all mingle together. Pathetic partings from wives, children and sweethearts, scarfs and banners waving.

The orchestra supplies the music, martial and strong, interpreting the motives of the Act.

CRUSADER'S HYMN

On! to the Holy Wars!
 Our hearts are sighing.
 See on the heights afar,
 Our banners flying!
 The Pagan's hordes we'll slay,
 And none shall bar our way!
 God wills it! He wills it!

(Minor key)

The Cross shall go before,
 'Tis brightly shining!

The Cross be all our store,
 In death repining!
 We'll guard it to the end,
 And Heaven its aid will lend.
 God wills it! He wills it!

CONRAD—(To Hugo, who stands hesitating).
 Come, my son! Redeem thy careless youth with
 noble service. 'Tis not yet too late!

HUGO—Almost I am persuaded! This great
 army, so full of purpose, shameth weakness! (Re-
 luctantly). And yet! To break all ties, to fare so
 hardly ———

AGNES—Go, Hugo! I bid thee, and will myself
 gird on thy sword! (She takes a sword from a by-
 stander, and gives it to Hugo. He kisses her hand,
 kneeling, and rising waves it valiantly).

HUGO—For such a cause and such a winsome
 maid, a man might face the world!

MAIDA—Stay, Hugo. Think! Who so would
 choose the cross, must war with nature and
 deny himself. To fast and faint; to sleep on stony
 ground! 'Tis sorry comfort to a man like thee,
 who sleep'st on roses! (Laughs).

AGNES—(Coming forward). Hugo, believe her
 not! The soldier of the cross is armed with grace
 to fight the foes within, and laughs at hardships!

HUGO—(He lets the sword fall with its point
 to the ground and leans upon it). I fain would go,
 yet still a thousand ties do bind me here; a web of
 silken threads, yet forged like steel. (Excusing
 himself to Agnes). Sweet Maid! I go! (irreso-
 lutely). But, stay! There is no haste. I'll join
 them later, what's my way is clear. My health,
 alas, is weak; and business sore doth press.—

GYPSY—(Coming forward and interrupting him.

She takes hold of his cloak and tries to turn his gaze away from Agnes and the Crusaders). Nay, Hugo, not like this, thou'lt scape the lure of beauty! Thou art young. And all youth's current, in swift crimson tide doth surge to pleasure! Lead the dance with me. (She dances a few graceful steps). (Impatiently). The music waits; sweet perfumes sway the sense. Come silly fool! The things of sense are *real*! Not so the joys above, that lure thee on with visions! (Laughs contemptuously, and draws him gradually with her aside to the rear. He looks, pitifully back, but by degrees turns with her, and drops the sword, *which* falls clattering to the ground).

AGNES—(Turning scornfully). Shame on thy craven soul! Thou servest not God, but Cæsar! (Hugo is jeered by the crowd and pushed to the rear).

CONRAD—Said I not so? He that is governed by sense is ever a weakling when he would conquer it!

(To Louis)—Delay not! The shadows gather!
(As Louis descends and approaches Elizabeth, the Crusaders pass again singing.)

CRUSADERS—Then come ye Christians here
When duty calleth!
And know no craven fear
Whate'er befalleth!
For Christ will be our stay;
He leadeth all the way!
God wills it! He wills it!
(Refrain comes back faintly)
God wills it! He wills it!

LOUIS—(To Elizabeth, who rises and stands with her little children clinging to her skirts).

Dearest, farewell! Be brave! Be strong! And

lead my people! God wills it!

(Elizabeth lays her head on his breast, weeping. His children embrace him.)

ELIZABETH—(Clinging to him). I cannot let thee go! Let me walk but a little farther on the way.

(They walk a little farther and there is another agonized parting. He disengages her arms).

LOUIS—Dearest, I cannot stay! And thou hast already come a long day's journey.

ELIZABETH—Beloved! How shall I live without thee! And my little ones! Without a father's love!

LOUIS—'Tis not forever! And if it were, death cannot quench a love so true, so steadfast. (Points to the heights beyond, as if inspired). See, beloved, How the sun doth light the hills beyond with glory! Oh! let me go! 'Tis God we serve. Remember. (Tears himself from her and mounts his horse which Walter of Varila has been holding. The Crusaders sing the last verse, in minor key).

CRUSADERS—Oh! look above and see
The city holy!
Jerusalem, for thee
We combat solely!
From heavenly ramparts there,
Shall float our banners fair!
God wills it! He wills it!

(The sunset becomes brilliant. Conrad descends and joins Louis, mounting his horse. Elizabeth, who has been kneeling, rises and stands by the cross. Louis addresses his people).

LOUIS—My people, swear to me fidelity to her I love!

PEOPLE—We swear it!

LOUIS—(To Walter). My tried friend, I leave all

powers in thy hand. (Whispering). Guard my interests and hers. I cannot trust my brothers, should I be long away. Alas! The thirst for gold!

WALTER—(Walter kneels and kisses his hand and swears). I will guard them with my life.

LOUIS—(To Elizabeth). Farewell, we meet in prayer!

ELIZABETH—(Standing majestically and pointing to the glory beyond). Go! my husband, think not of me! God wills it!

(They ride away as the Crusaders' last verse comes faintly back repeated. The people sink on their knees weeping and praying).

Orchestra martial music.

(*Curtain*).

ACT III. SCENE I

A YEAR LATER

The orchestral prelude to this act introduces the atmosphere of the court life,

Great Hall in the Castle. Dais and canopy at one end. Open gates leading into Park. Elizabeth spinning. Ladies of Honor busily occupied in folding and making clothes for the poor and arranging food on a long table. Her little children assisting and waiting on the poor in imitation of their mother.

ELIZABETH—Ladies! What joy to see ye all so busy, and with such tasks! Believe me, friends, the lives of worldings leave no trace. Footprints on sand, which Time's resistless wave, in one brief moment, blotteth out forever! Let us live better! While ye yet live, build for yourselves in suffering hearts a shrine. Then memory'll do ye honor. This our brief day a golden age we'll make, and lift our men, and women too, to nobler service!

GUTA—Lady! Thou hast conquered me such as I am! Henceforth I'd rather garner souls than jewels!

AGNES—(Enters gaily attired for a fête). Sister, sister! Always at tiresome service! Can I not lure thee to some little pleasure? Other wives mourn not as thee, when husbands play the truant. An hour spent in pleasant dalliance would pass without much harm. Be dull in reason!

ELIZABETH—Agnes, the primrose path of dalliance skirteth the void of Hell! Such women hazard virtue as men do gold at play, little by little, and hunger in time for innocence. The true wife owneth but one mate and like the dove, doth mourn him ever!

(Elizabeth leaves her spinning to embrace Agnes. Takes her face in her hands and looks into her eyes). But whither now? And whom dost fancy? Of lovers many?

AGNES—(Ashamed, turns her face away sadly). None perhaps! Oft have I heard within a still, small voice that speakth louder now: "My child, give Me thy heart!" I fain would live like thee, a holy life. And still I dare not, so outface the world! 'Twould waken blushes. To set myself upon a pedestal for men to scoff at!

ELIZABETH—Dare to do right! So place thyself, upon the pedestal of honor, whence Virtue once held sway! 'Tis woman's place—Creation's masterpiece! And if men scoff, remain. In time they'll worship. Is Virtue then so rare that men do scoff at it?

(Agnes hides her face. Some of the ladies have quietly withdrawn, tossing their heads, others ashamed).

GUTA—Chance arrows these! Yet do they hit the mark!

WALTER—(Entering, crosses himself). What's this? A queen spinning? Madame, you surprise me!

ELIZABETH—(Laughing gaily). Chide not, good Walter. Idleness is out of fashion! 'Tis a pretty task, so fair and graceful! (She spins a thread). We but restore lost arts, like mine good husband whose minstrels charm us. Nay, I'll tell to thee, a precious secret. (Whispers to him). Industry was guardian angel once of woman's honor! (Aloud). The hours are uncut jewels! valueless until our labor sets to work and cuts them. Then do they shine to Heaven!

(Clamor at the gate): Oh give us bread!

Bread! We hunger sore!

(The poor troop in. They are pale and exhausted. Hugo is among them dressed in rags. His pockets hang out, empty, and he has been drinking. The ladies go about giving out clothing and food. The little children run to Elizabeth and cling fondly to her skirts. She takes them in her arms).

ELIZABETH—Poor little lambs! Your eyes are full of tears. 'Tis a bitter thing, the tears of childhood! Isentrude, give them warm milk and clothe them prettily, and send them joyous home!

(Isentrude feeds them. They seat themselves on the ground, gnawing hungrily at the bread).

FIRST BEGGAR—(At the board). The broth's not salted!

ELIZABETH—I'll salt it then, and thee, with wisdom! (Laughs and salts broth).

SECOND BEGGAR—(Rising). I hate thee! And thine! And all the rich! that dwell mid plenty, while we starve on their dole.

GUTA—Rather, thou would'st have starved without it! (All cry "Shame! Out with him!")

ELIZABETH—'Tis nothing new! to reap ingratitude where one hath kindness shown. How oft we grumble when God favors us! Yet God doth pardon. Let him be! And I'll turn hate to love!

ELIZABETH—(She puts a warm cloak about him). See! A queen doth wait upon thee! Art content? (Smiles upon him).

BEGGAR—(Wrapping it about him, kneels and kisses her hand ashamed): Pardon, lady! 'Twas not hate that spoke, but misery!

GUTA—The secret's found! 'Tis love that conquers hate.

AGNES—(To Hugo). Hast come to this? Oh!

let my pity move thee to do better. Eat, and be strengthened! Be once more a man, and master of thyself!

HUGO—(Shivers and bursts into tears). So Conrad spoke! Oh! to have heeded him! But now,—too late! Too late!

AGNES—'Tis not too late indeed, try but again! I'll help thee!

HUGO—(Rises, but sinks down once more, puts his head on his arms and sleeps noisily).

AGNES—(Weeping, shakes her head and turns away). It is indeed too late! Oh! sorry fate, of one I might have loved!

BEGGAR WOMAN—(To Elizabeth). Oh! Madame! I am weary of life, cursed as I am with children. No food, and many mouths to feed! And still another babe!

ELIZABETH—Friend, speak not thus wickedly! Children a curse! Oh no. A precious blessing! God will provide, e'en though his rod chastise. Motherhood! (With an exalted look, as if raised to ecstasy, then rapturously). Woman! the dear God doth need thee. His creature! to people Heaven with angels! And every woman that doth generate becomes, with God, creator of a soul! How marvellous a mission! Worth some pain! And then the children's prattle, 'tis so sweet; their little clinging arms, their soft caresses, do stifle misery and hinder tears!

(Prophecies). The babe that thou dost curse will be a man, and keep thee when thou art old! Oh! praise God, then, and trust Him!

BEGGAR—(Smiling). Thou makest the sun to shine, sweet lady! I'll heed thee!

WALTER—Hence now, ye beggars, since ye're satisfied; until to-morrow! (They curtesy and go

out. Night falls and gates are closed).

(All exit but Walter and Elizabeth).

WALTER—My dearest lady, thou'rt too generous! There is murmuring among thy ministers and even threats. Thou wilt, I fear, in times like these, impoverish us with charity. And 'tis even said they'll turn against thee! Have a care, I say!

ELIZABETH—My Louis said: "Let her give what she will, if she leave me but Warburg and Eisenach!" I'll not forget (laughing). Nay, never fear! Give with both hands, and God will still fling back unto thee fuller measure!

WALTER—Two minstrels of renown—whom well ye know, Thibault and Henry,—have but lately come! Shall I not bid them here, to charm our ears, with music?

ELIZABETH—(Clapping her hands with delight). What! the great Thibault of Champagne here? And Henry Van Ofterdingen? Oh! call the ladies! Haste! and Courtiers all! We'll cultivate the arts my husband loved, and have a tournament, with bards and minstrels. Call me when 'tis time. (Exit).

WALTER—(Sadly). Would that I dared to tell thee all the news! The storm is gathering, in a moment more, 'twill burst upon thy head. (Goes out shaking his head). Servants remove tables, spread rugs, bring in musical instruments, etc. Courtiers and ladies of honor enter and group themselves. Guta and Isentrude together. (All in festive dress).

GUTA—(To Isentrude). Have ye heard the news? Heaven grant it be a rumor and not true! The landgrave's dead!

ISENTRUDE—Oh! No! It cannot be! Who saith it?

GUTA—Some wandering pilgrims. Yet it is not all! They say as well that Henry, Louis' brother, doth haste to claim his throne!

ISENTRUDE—Say nothing yet to spoil the feast. I can't believe such tales! They can't be true.

(Enter Walter and Elizabeth. He escorts her to her throne. Agnes and Guta sit beside her. Minstrels enter and take places opposite each other. They kneel to Elizabeth).

ELIZABETH—Make us good music, merry gentlemen, and poetry! Sweet sister arts!

THIBAUT—Madame, I'm not so young as when we sang in Landgrave Herman's time! Father of your good husband. 'Tis twenty years, it seems! Why, minstrels gathered here from every part. and sang in unison. A contest 'twas and there the Hangman stood (points), in robe of scarlet, the rope upon his arm. (Laughs). To hang the culprit who sang not with art, or naughtily. (Laughs). A goodly fashion! 'Twere well they did so now! Come, Henry, sing thou first. Thou had'st the prize.

HENRY—(Bows to Agnes who is surrounded by courtiers). I sing of love, a fashion ever pleasant! (Sings to harp and violin a chanson. Applause).

HENRY'S SONG

Quand le rossignol joli
Chante sur le fleur d'été;
Que naît le rose et le lys,
Et la rosée dee vert pré.
Pleine de bonne voloute
Chanterai comme fins amis.
Mais autant, suis ebahie
Que j'ai si haut pensee.

Q'ua peine iert accompli

Le service dout j'attends gré

(Chatelain de Coucy, 1200).

(Echos du Temps Pass), J. B. Wekerlin, Vol. 3.

(A chanson by Thibault of Champagne "Ni bon temps, ni la gelee;" to the same metre, words and music to be found in Vol. 1, of the same collection).

THIBAUT—And I of love more true, the love of Heaven! An ancient ballad full of sweetness. (Sings).

Endormé est la perillée

Mais notre Dame est eveillée.

Oncques ne fut la glorieuse

Ni sommeillant, ni pareceuse.

Et nuit et joz 'la Virge monde,

En esveil est por tot li monde

S'ele dormait une seule hore

Toz li monz ce desous desore

Trebucherait pos les meffetz

Que non fezons on avons fez.

TRANSLATION

A child sleeps on, though danger's near,

But Mary watches, have no fear !

No sleep, no rest, that Mother takes

Till, danger gone, the child awakes !

Thus, night and day, the Virgin pure

O'er all the world keeps guard secure

For should that blessed vigil fail

Then naught on earth could e'er prevail,

To stem the woes that would ensue,

For wrongs we've done, for wrongs we do !

ELIZABETH—Thibault! Thine is the palm, though thou art the elder! For Heaven's love is greater still than man's.

(There is a stir about the door and people listening, look alarmed as Sophie rushes in, speaking hysterically).

SOPHIE—Oh! Woe upon us all! The landgrave's dead! My son, my son!

ELIZABETH—Rising and turning pale). My Louis! (She says no more, but wavers while Guta and Agnes sustain her). Nay, Mother, 'tis not true! I'll not believe it. They bring no token!

(To the minstrels. Go, bards! Until a happier day, since rumors are abroad.

(They go out shaking their heads. Sophie faints. Conrad of Marburg enters dressed as a pilgrim. Elizabeth leaves her throne and rushes to his feet kneeling). Oh tell me! (in an agony). Is he dead?

CONRAD—Alas, 'tis true! He sent thee this to prove it!

(Gives the ring. Elizabeth takes it with a vacant look, puts it on her finger and suddenly, as one mad, rushes about and throws herself about the wall, clinging to it. Sophie revives, Agnes sustaining her).

AGNES—(To Guta). Go to her (looking towards Elizabeth). Her grief is more than ours. Oh! comfort her. Else she'll go mad! (Ladies approach Elizabeth and loosen her grasp. She puts her arm around Guta and weeps).

GUTA—See! At last she weeps! Oh, saving shower! Her reason's safe!

CONRAD—(Approaching). Lady, God wills it! See, she's calmer now! (She approaches, silently wringing her hands, and looking pitifully to

Heaven).

CONRAD—Come, let me tell thee of his last hours!

ELIZABETH—Oh! tell me, e'er I die!* The world and all its joys is dead to me! (She sinks to her knees as he lays his hand on her head and looks up into Conrad's face).

CONRAD—Thou must not die, but live! Poor child! Thy husband sank with fever, e'er he did reach the goal. But oh, so patient. So content! with gaze so steadfast fixed upon the glowing hills! He did forget all things but those of Heaven. E'en thee whom most he loved! "Oh! see!" he said, "A flight of doves, like angels! swift speeding towards the East." He turned and smiled. "They wait," he said, "for me, and I must follow!" And so he slept and woke not. (The wind rises outside mingled with soft harps cadences, which are heard at intervals.

ELIZABETH—(Elizabeth rises, full of ardor). Then take my solemn vow, a pact with Heaven! I'll love no mortal more! But as the angels, live ever unto Christ, and Him alone! (Looking up in an ecstasy).

CONRAD—(Blessing her). 'Tis well! And yet! Thou'rt young and fair! Be not too hasty. Thou may'st love again. And queens must live for those about them.

ELIZABETH—Oh! be not traitor to him! I swear, I'll love but God! and that until I die! (Conrad blesses her again).

CONRAD—The peace of God shall comfort. (Listening; sounds of a mob outside the gates with loud knocking). Hark! What's that?

HENRY—Open! Open! I say!

*Her own words.

WALTER—Who's here? (In amazement). 'Tis as I feared! Henry! (Opens gate).

HENRY—The rightful master of all here! I claim my brother's throne! (Courtiers resist. Walter faces him).

WALTER—Would'st force us? 'Tis false! I guard my lady and her son! who here doth rule!

HENRY—The child is yet too young! And she's too pious. The people murmur. She ruineth the land with lavish favors. They'll side with me, as doth my mother here. (Sophie stands beside him Elizabeth stands transfixed with sorrow, her ladies and Agnes supporting her. The people rush in and cry):

PEOPLE—Long live the landgrave Henry!

WALTER—(Approaching with courtiers who fight and are overcome). I'll give my life to guard them!

HENRY—Seize him and take him hence. (They bind him struggling and take him out. Storm rises. Turns to Elizabeth).

Now Madame, get thee gone! At once! To-night!

ELIZABETH—(In amazement). Oh speak not thus to me, a queen in sorrow! Thou art a man! And I a poor weak woman! Work then thy will; but let me have my children! 'Tis all I ask of all the wealth I own.

HENRY—I'll guard them here in safety! Get thee gone!

ELIZABETH—Oh, God! (Pleads with him). But let me stay tonight! The storm is raging! Let me but rest, until its course is spent.

HENRY—(Conferring with his friends). Daylight brings changes and a force doth gather!

(To Elizabeth). Go now! At once, and with

one single woman.

AGNES—Uncle, have pity! Hark! The storm doth rage! There's death upon its wings!

HENRY—(To Agnes). Silence!

AGNES—Oh, sister then, I'll join thee! (She clings to Elizabeth and stands before her as if to protect her).

HENRY—(To Agnes). Thou shalt not. (Pushes her aside).

(Storm of wind and snow outside. Winds howl around).

ELIZABETH—(Proudly). I am a princess! And my blood is royal! What if thou wrest my lands and kill the body! My Soul, thou shalt not crush! Oh! cruel brother! And mother! Who abets him! (Turning to Sophie and pleading with tears). (Proudly). Ye have not conquered! I am still a queen!

(Her ladies put a cloak around her).

GUTA—Come Lady! (To Henry). Stay! her jewels!

HENRY—They are Sophie's! (Pushes back Sophie who relents). Nay woman—get thee gone without delay.

ELIZABETH—Come Guta. (Standing in the doorway with hands crossed on her bosom). Oh guardians blest, God's angels, pity us! And guide our steps to shelter!

(Harps sound again in the intervals of the stormy wind).

(To Henry and Sophie). Heaven is pitiful, if ye are stone! To Heaven do I commend me! (A light shines around her head. They are pushed out into the snowstorm and doors are closed, Henry standing with his back against the door).

HENRY—Now are we rid of her.

CONRAD—Alas! what piteous grief! The sculptor's hand doth free with ruthless blows the prisoned angel. Kind Heaven, with hurts like these, doth shape a saint!

Curtain.

ACTS III. SCENE 2

NO MUSICAL PRELUDE

Scene same as in Act 2, Scene 1. (Lights in the Castle). Elizabeth descending path with Guta in a storm of wind and snow. A light shines about her head, and between the sighing wind is heard soft harp and violin music and angel voices.

ELIZABETH—Oh! Guta! Friend, was ever sorrow like to mine? Heaven guide our steps to shelter! Hark! I hear a sound like harps of angels! Dost thou not?

GUTA—(Listens and shakes her head). My lady! 'tis I fear, the sobbing wind alone! Naught else! Alas, 'tis bitter cold! Oh! madame, I am wroth at those who treat ye so.

ELIZABETH—(Nobly). Yet still we must forgive! as we would be forgiven!

(They approach a convent and knock several times).

GUTA—They are at prayers, no doubt! (A Brother opens the door).

BROTHER—Who's there?

ELIZABETH—She who was once thy Queen.

BROTHER—Alas! madam! 'Tis Henry rules, and he hath given strict orders that none shall shelter thee! So we must needs obey. Good-night! (The *De Profundis* is intoned in the convent:

“*De Profundis clamavi ad te Domine
Domine exaude vocem meum.
Si Iniquitates observaveris Domine
Domine, quis sustinebit?*”)

ELIZABETH—Oh, let us in, good soul! In tru-

est pity! The Hospital I built? Is there no room?
No pallet rude of straw where we may rest us?

BROTHER—'Tis full to-night of sick and suffering.
Try further on! And now, good-night once more.

(Singing within. He closes door).

Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus;
Speravit anima in Domino
A custodia matutina usque ad noctem—
Speret Israel in Domino.

ELIZABETH—Oh! blessed words—they sink into
my soul! Lord! I'll not fail thee, though faith sore
be tried!

(They knock at a poor hut. A light appears
within. A testy peasant woman puts her head out
of the window).

PEASANT—Ye woke me from my sleep! Go on
your way! I have no room! Begone into the night!
(Slams down the window and light goes out).

ELIZABETH—Once I did feed her! Now she
knows me not! (To Guta). There's one sweet
refuge left that's ne'er denied.

GUTA—The Church! why yes! At least 'twill
ope at dawn.

(They seat themselves on the steps of the church
as a lady and courtiers pass returning from a ball).

COURTIER—(Recognizing Elizabeth. To the
lady). 'Tis the sorry end of prayers and visions.
Castles in the air, built upon gossamer, that like
a bubble vanish! (Laughs).

LADY—Serves her right! To dare to preach to
us! We who love pleasure show the better sense.
The rest is moonshine! (Laughs merrily).

ELIZABETH—(To Guta). These were once my friends!

GUTA—Then the saying's true,—Put not your trust in Princes. (Bitterly). Nor in friends!

ELIZABETH—Oh, Guta dear! When troubles were but small, I thought them great and murmured! Now my grief's a sea, that drowneth words. How many a little maid with years like mine doth call herself a child! I'm only twenty! Springtime of life! Yet see! In one brief hour, the seasons four have passed. (Weeps silently).

GUTA—(Aside). Alas! how true!

ELIZABETH—'Twas at this very altar! in sunshine and in song, I plighted troth! And here I weep alone. Despoiled of all at once, husband, and lands, and children! O! but 'tis bitter! (Musing). Perchance when all is gone, there cometh peace!

GUTA—Did'st never hear, my lady, of that good merchant who went, seeking pearls? And when he found a gem more radiant far than all the rest, he sold his all to buy it?

ELIZABETH—Oh! Guta, 'tis my story! The love of God's a Pearl of rainbow beauty! Born of precious tears! 'Twas He who gave, and now His gracious hand hath taken back to give a better gift. One worth them all! Our earthly loves are fetters, that in a fowler's net the soul do prison. 'Tis God doth set us free. Let us then thank Him. Oh, soar to Heaven, my soul, thine All is there!

GUTA—(Shivers). 'Tis bitter cold! And dawn is yet far! Dost think the Church will open?

ELIZABETH—(Sheltering her). Poor Sister! Let me warm thee! with love at least.

GUTA—Lady! Thy very touch doth set my veins on fire! 'Tis charity.

ELIZABETH—My little ones at least are safe and warm! 'Tis some small comfort. Guta! long ago I prayed, a joyous maid, at that poor shrine (points to shrine) to share Christ's sorrows. Now I know them all and find, in Him, a Friend! Hark, 'tis the sound again of Angel voices! (Soft music and voices). (Angels sing: "Oh! Happy soul! To mourn with Christ! for He shall comfort Thee!")

GUTA—See! At last the flush of dawn! Oh what a piteous day! (Weeps. Lights go out in the castle, and the dawn comes slowly. Matins are sung in the monastery).

(The Church within is lighted dimly. Elizabeth rises and knocks. They listen. The Sacristan opens the door a little).

SACRISTAN—What's this? My lady! Here!

ELIZABETH—Oh, man! let me go in and lay my burden down at Jesus' feet. His heart alone doth wake and pity, though the world be stone! Oh, Vestal Light, thou keepest watch within! where dwells the Love that sleeps not! (Ardently to Sacristan). Let me in!

SACRISTAN—Surely, surely, poor soul! (Opens the door fully). (Weeps). My old heart pities thee. I'll get thee food. Rest here by day, and when night comes once more, I'll shelter find. I'll lodge me somewhere else, and give thee mine. 'Tis but a sorry hut, a bed of straw! Yet One above such shelter owned. (Lifts his cap). 'Twas all the vile earth gave Him.

ELIZABETH—There shall I then find ample comfort! (Gives money). Thanks, poor man! God will requite thee if my purse be small.

(Enters church which is suddenly lighted up brightly. The Sacristan stands in wonder. Soft harp music).

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SACRISTAN—(Falls on his knees). 'Twas an Angel passed! (Looking in while angels chant: in a burst of celestial music that seems to come from above).

ACT IV. SCENE I

THREE YEARS LATER

(Orchestral prelude is a contrast to the pathos of the last scene. Begins gaily with old classical airs, grows tender and sweet as curtain rises).

A street in Marburg with open square at back. Elizabeth's poor house at left. Enter a Beggar, with Hugo, dressed also in beggar's garb.

BEGGAR—'Tis almost the hour, when she doth pass. The Lady Elizabeth! Would'st though see her? It will do thee good. (Slaps him on the back). For she doth scatter blessings along the way, as rich men gold. A queen she was, just think! And yet so humble! Far more than we, who spring from nothing. She giveth to the poor her very raiment, and doth fast herself when food is scarce for both. There's magic in her touch, and they do tell of cures worked by her presence! Little wonder! for her smile is joy, and cheers like sunshine.

HUGO—I'd fain see her! Not to beg food, nor coin. The hurt's within me! Can she, think you, cure hurts like those of sin?

BEGGAR—I doubt not! Ask her prayers, for true repentance. (Reverently). Were there Saints on earth, then were they such as she!

HUGO—I knew her at the Court, a beauteous lady; whose virtue men did laugh to scorn!

BEGGAR—You! at the Court. (Laughs). Oh, Man! You make me merry. Tell not such a tale! It lacks too much of wisdom. Wast thou cook perhaps, or scullion? (Laughs). At court, Ha, ha, ha!

HUGO—(Angrily). Silence, knave! A better man than thee! though I'm an outcast now! (Sighs

despairingly).

BEGGAR—Well, man, let it go! Only you don't look like it! (Laughs seriously). But she, my lady here, hath little comfort. Good master Conrad, whose penitent she is, doth long direct her. And since she hath no sins, or very few, to conquer, he tries her with denials, with penances, and dearth of comfort. All to make a saint!

HUGO—Her ladies, Guta and Isentrude, are with her still?

BEGGAR—Indeed, not so! Conrad did send them back. Because she loved them, and did comfort find in them at least. "Her heart," he said, "should cling to nothing earthly! On the cross alone its tendrils twine, and bloom in Heaven!" And then! She joyed in giving. Even this, the last delight! he did forbid. "She must give up her will! The more of Self," he said, in what we do, "the less of Heaven."

HUGO—And it is true! Oh, had I learned the lesson, that Conrad taught in years long past! To curb my will! I were not now like this!

BEGGAR—And poverty! She sold her robes to clothe us and for herself keeps nothing, sleeps on straw, and recks not comfort. So poor she is that Brother Francis of Assisi there, hath sent to her his mantle. Though but a sorry cloak, all patched and worn, it warmed a heart that knows a Seraph's fire! A precious gift! Thus did he esteem this little lady! Hush, here she comes in prayer.

(Elizabeth approaches in simple dress, praying; a light around her head; and a joyous uplifted look).

BEGGAR—(To Hugo). Speak to her!

HUGO—'Twere a sin, to mar such peace with words. And words like mine!

BEGGAR—Hasten, or she'll be gone. Don't lose the chance!

HUGO—Lady, your prayers. (Sobs pitifully). To raise a soul to life!

ELIZABETH—(Recognizing him). Hugo! For years I've prayed for thy conversion. Has it come at last? Thou wert my husband's friend!

HUGO—Oh, lady! teach me to serve God once more! I've long denied Him! I've served my years to Satan, and reaped alas! but tares. The husks of swine have fed me. Oh! to be pure of heart, and clean once more! To hold myself erect as doth a man, and know myself for what I was, or still may hope to be!

ELIZABETH—Hugo! The angels joy, when sinners weep; more than for many just. Go, seek the Priest! and at his kindly feet weep out thy shame, thy sin. Open thy soul's dark gates, to a pure flood of contrite tears! They'll wash away thy stains. The land shall smile again and bring forth flowers! (Joyously. He sobs, she persuades tenderly). And yet! 'Tis not enough to weep for sin, because it brought ye shame. God is your Father and a tender one. And ye have paid His love, alas! with hate. Prove your regret! Do worthy deeds, and be a man once more! Have ye the courage?

HUGO—Lady, want and pain are cruel masters, yet they teach us well! I'm stronger now!

ELIZABETH—Then Hugo, list! Thy body once was God's fair temple, and there dwelt within His Holy Spirit. And thy hand has raised shrines to base idols, in the Holy place. Oh cast them out and set thou up within a Holy altar! with a living flame of love that dieth not!

HUGO—Thy words are like a song! And through my veins run fire! I'll hasten to the Priest!

Lady, oh! never fear! (Runs out).

ELIZABETH—Thank God! (She raises her hands to Heaven and resumes her prayer, entering the house. The beggar sits down with his hat before him to beg and watch).

(Enter Walter of Varila, Master Conrad, Bishop and cleric attendants).

WALTER—'Tis here she lives! At least they told us so! Oh! what a wretched hole for queens to stomach! Yet she is a Saint! And we, thank Heaven, are not!

BISHOP OF BAMBURG—(Rebuking him). Poverty's not shame. And happiness dwells not in kingdoms only!

CONRAD—(Knocking). Lady! Come forth! Here's friends would speak with thee!

ELIZABETH—(Coming out on her balcony). Yes! Master Conrad! Walter? Art thou here? And mine good uncle too! Your blessing then! (Kneels a moment for it as he gives it). It doth me good to see some well known face dawn on my vision. Oh! give me good news! Of my dear children! (Her face lights up). Have they grown? Is Herman strong? And what of Gertrude? Sweet! Oft I feel in dreams those clinging arms and tender childish kisses! My maids? Are they quite well? Oh! tell me all. (Impatiently). At once! (Tries to calm herself).

WALTER—All are well! And send thee greeting. But not this, is yet our message. Sophie doth repent she used thee hardly, and at her request the Landgrave Henry will disgorge thy lands. They're thine to own again. Lands, gold and jewels! Stretch but out thy hand and reign a queen once more!

ELIZABETH—(Agitated, looks to Heaven). No,

no! Good Walter! Speak no more of gold, nor yet of kingdoms. Heaven's all my store! And 'tis enough. (To Bishop). Oh! uncle, bid me not again to reign. (Agitated). To wake the ashes of this broken heart, to fresher flame. 'Twill flicker and go out with one unkindly word! (Shakes her head). I've laid my riches up, where moth doth not corrupt, nor robber steal!

CONRAD—Take care, my lady! Keep thy dower rights to give to Herman.

ELIZABETH—To Herman do I give them. He shall reign! And Walter'll be his tutor!

BISHOP—(Calmly). Niece, I understand the theme is painful. But I've other news. Frederick of Germany doth seek thy hand. Thou'rt young and lovely still. Oh! give it then. And reign an empress. All that heart can wish shall bloom around thee,—children, love and gold! Ambition's heights thou'lt scale! Command and conquer!

ELIZABETH—Uncle, I hear thee! Yet I heed thee not! Such words as these to me; who once loved Louis? (Exaltedly). Marriage is a bond so true, so holy, that if broken once, the hurt endures alway! (Calmly). Ye come too late! My love is Heaven's. (Nobly). Who dwells in heart on God doth blind become to things of lesser beauty! Good Uncle, tell him *No!* (Emphatically).

BISHOP—(Angrily). Niece! You dwell on visions. I speak sober sense! To waste a lengthy life, on sturdy beggars, and with leprous brats! You! who wert born to rule! And what if I command?

ELIZABETH—(Proudly). Dare to command, and thou shalt rue the day! I've made my vow to Heaven. And naught shall turn me thence. To Christ I'll live, and Christ I'll love, forever! And

if by force ye tried, to turn my will, I'd mar this youthful face with knives, until ye fled in terror!

CONRAD—(Protesting with a smile). Heaven forbid! Tell them, at least, you're happy!

ELIZABETH—To live to God! With conscience pure and clean from sin's intention! Yea, 'tis happiness! Uncle, I'm a queen! and count in hearts my subjects. 'Twas not always so! The people love, and bless me, as I pass, because I've helped them! (Laughs). I've no time to waste, on idle courtiers! (Joyously). Oh, 'tis a wondrous thing, to ease with one cool touch the fevered brow, or, waken souls that sleep from sin to virtue! I'm happy! and I'm free! I nothing own, and nothing fetters me! If night be cold or food be scarce, I pray, and heed it not! And if my bed be hard, the weary sleep and note not comforts. Once I served the body. Now, *my Soul's alive!* The body's nothing! Made of vilest dust, and soon to feed the worms. The Soul! A beauteous thing! It buds in life, but Heaven's its blossoming! (Looks up radiantly).

BISHOP—(To Walter discontentedly). All very fine! But we can't follow her in flights like these! A little mad! perhaps! (taps his forehead significantly) with pious fancies!

CONRAD—Would that all were mad, with fancies like to these!

WALTER—Well, let it go! Farewell good mistress. (Exit with Bishop).

ELIZABETH—Fare ye well, good friends. (Kisses her hand. Sighs, turning to Conrad). Oh, Master Conrad, I have angered them! They cannot grasp my thoughts. I climb to heights where angels dwell, perhaps, (sadly sighs) but men can't follow! (Weeps a moment).

CONRAD—Poor simple folk! Like fowls, they

build their nests of muddy earth. Thine is the eagle's flight, on princely wings, to cleave the ether blue! Thy soul's a ship that breasts a chartless main. But One doth guide, to a celestial haven. (Lifts his biretta). How poorly is God served by many men! They give Him crumbs from Mammon's table! Drink to the dregs of Pleasure's cup, and fling the lees to Him! Thou would'st give thy King more royal service. In youth's brimming cup would mingle sparkling wine for his libation! Tell me? Is it so?

ELIZABETH—Yea Father! (calming herself). Nature did speak! But grace has conquered! I would joyous quaff the cup of sacrifice! E'en though 'tis bitter. (Joyously). 'Tis our God we serve! Good night. And thanks.

CONRAD—Dream then of Heaven. It will come at last! And the angels guard thee. (He speaks to her with great reverence with his eyes on the ground, being alone with her, save for the beggar—who is fast asleep).

(Soft lullabies with a pathetic ending as curtain rises, when music grows more faint and ceases).

Curtain.

Falls a moment to indicate lapse of time.

ACT IV. SCENE 2

One month later.

The same,—towards dawn. Chill grey light before the morning breaks.

A dim light in Elizabeth's house. Beggars crowding about, watching. The sound of a tinkling bell outside and the Miserere chanted by the two boys with cross and censer and lights who accompany Conrad who is clad in white vestments and humeral, carrying the Blessed Sacrament. He enters the house. The beggars all kneel as they hear the procession approach. The sound of the bell is heard three times within, and the murmur of voices. Conrad and boys come out and cross the stage to exit. Silence until they have gone out.

CHANT

Miserere mei, Deus, secundum
Magnum misericordium tuum.

FIRST BEGGAR—Twelve days it is we've watched her come and go, tottering from weakness. Now, she dies, they say! And we can only weep.

BEGGAR WOMAN—She's well prepared for the last journey. The holy sacraments will ease the way, good deeds have gone before!

FIRST BEGGAR—What's her illness?

BEGGAR WOMAN—Some say 'tis fever. Others that 'tis not. None know!

CONRAD—(Entering in cassock and surplice). A broken heart! That garnered closely up in one small crimson cup Life's wealth of love! Until it burst and spilled its fragrant store at Jesus' feet. (He opens his breviary and reads, walking up

and down, by the curtained window, and occasionally quoting aloud): "Though I walk in the valley of shadows, no evil shall I fear, for Thou art with me!"

BEGGARS—(Whispering behind Conrad's back). He loved her!

CONRAD—(Turning calmly). Nay, 'twas never so! Ye carnal minds, too vile to grasp the thing called holiness! I did guard her soul as a white lily in Heaven's garden fair, a breath might tarnish! A Master, I to guide her steps in virtue,—harshly did I rule, as duty bade. The sculptor's hand strikes hard! Yet secret wept, in pity for the child, so hardly used by fate. (Wipes his eyes).

BEGGAR—Hush, 'tis Guta! See!

GUTA—(Coming to door, weeping, but with an exalted look). Oh! what wondrous words! She sees the dawn of day on everlasting hills! And all the angel hosts do gather there! Her Louis too, so young and lovely!

ABOVE AND UNSEEN—(Soft music of violins and harps with the minor motive of the Crusader's Hymn. Guta hastily retires as if to sounds within).

CONRAD—(Reading). I recommend thee, dear Sister, to thy Maker, who formed thee from the dust. May the radiant company of angels meet thy soul, may the Apostles receive thee, the glorious martyrs await thee, the blessed virgins conduct thee. May the living God place thee in His garden of Paradise.

(Attendants bring in a pallet with a young lad paralyzed from birth).

BEGGAR—(Explaining to Conrad). 'Tis the poor lad she cherished, who dies without her care.

He ne'er heard of God until she taught him.

CONRAD—(Motioning to bearers). There let him lie, perhaps her prayers will help him. (They place the cot, the boy lies as one dead).

GUTA—(Returning). Hark! she speaks again in wondrous music! She loveth but God alone, and loving Him finds all she loved in life! "The precious Pearl!" she cries, "is mine, forever!" (Goes in again). (Soft music continues).

CONRAD—(Prays). As pants the heart for cooling streams, so doth my heart pant for thee, Fountain of living waters! Depart, Christian soul! And may'st thou behold thy Redeemer face to face in the Vision of eternal truth which is the joy of the Blessed!

(Angel voices are heard softly chanting to harps, followed by an exquisite bird song). The pale blue of light early dawn grows more intense and brightly luminous.

ALL—What's that?

BEGGAR WOMAN—Her body sings while her soul's passing!

(A fragrance of roses floats on the air).

CONRAD—Oh, what odors sweet float to the sense!

(They kneel reverently. The song again. Unnoticed the paralytic slowly rises, lifting his arms wonderingly. He does not know the feeling of life. He rises from the waist up).

PARALYTIC—Is this what men call life?

(They rise amazed and look at him, clinging together and speechless).

PARALYTIC—What's this? (Flinging off the covering, he rises and crouches against the wall). I'm cured, I think!

ALL—A miracle! The saint has cured him!

(The light still pale blue increases with a glow about the hut).

CONRAD—(Coming forward and repressing them). Nay! wait till Holy church confirms the sentence. It will come in time. Note down his words. And bear ye witness all.

(While they look at the paralytic and Conrad, the hut becomes luminous—the curtain slowly rises showing Elizabeth dead on her straw pallet, in the dress of a Franciscan tertiary, with bare feet. There is a heavenly smile on her face, which is half turned to the audience. Above the hut are visible the snowy wings of an angelic host.

There is a burst of soft music that gradually dies away. The people turn hastily and kneel in wonder—the paralytic stands erect joyously with hands raised to Heaven. The orchestra with organ plays the Magnificat).

The dawn comes in a burst of rosy light. As the faith of the people is more evident in their action the vision fades away, showing Elizabeth dead amid her natural surrounding. The Magnificat can be sung outside, as a fine effect would be produced if the whole orchestral accompaniment could appear to be celestial.

ACT. IV. SCENE 3

SIX YEARS LATER—MUSICAL TABLEAU

Before the curtain rises a choir of nuns is heard singing as if in procession the "Office of Elizabeth." They are seen walking away as curtain rises:

Ave gemma speciosa
 Mulicrum sidus rosa
 Ex regale stirpe nata
 Nunc in coelis coronata.
 Salve! rosa pietatis
 Salve! Flor Hungariae.
 Salve! fulgens Margarita
 In coelesti sede sita.
 Rosa regem Majestatis
 Ut nos salvet hodie.
 Lumen mittens caritatis
 Ac coelesis gratiae!

(TRANSLATION)

Hail sparkling gem so rare,
 Hail ruddy planet fair!
 Mid'st starry womankind so brightly shining,
 Born of a regal race
 Now crowned in heavenly place:—
 Hail, rose of grace in beauty twining!
 Hail, Hungary's flower!
 Hail, lustrous pearl, her dower !
 Set close in Heaven's bright throne above!
 Pray then our Heavenly King
 To-day! to thee we sing,
 And send us down His grace and heavenly love.

Marburg as before. Elizabeth has been canonized at Perugia, but the Apostolic Delegate is announcing the decree to the people. The procession with cross and lights, etc., is passing under an arch decorated with flowers. Walter of Verila, guards the young King Herman who sits on a throne (left) with Sophie seated near him. There is a rich carpet on the ground and a catafalque royally draped at centre. Back of stage is a crimson velvet curtain which is drawn at close of scene by two pages dressed in blue and white.

The Apostolic Delegate stands on the right under a canopy with the decree which he has been reading in his hand. The Bishop of Bamberg and other distinguished clerics are beside him in rich robes of office. There is much movement as the curtain rises, the procession going and coming, prelates kneeling to kiss the ring of the Delegate in allegiance to the Church, before taking their seats. Agnes, Guta and Isentrude dressed in white approach the Bishop of Bamberg. Agnes kneels and he places a white veil on her head, the others receiving the veil in turn. A beggar woman stands in front holding the hand of a young boy and points out the picture to him. Hugo in Crusader's dress stands bravely on guard at the bier. Henry, in sackcloth and with bare feet stands with bowed head on the other side. The Emperor Frederick, in rich robes, is kneeling on one knee and laying his crown upon the bier. A cleric frees a number of white doves from a cage, and as the incense rises from censers swung by the Acolytes all are looking up as if bidden to "lift up their hearts" to Heaven. The delegate intones "Sancta Elizabeth, ora pro nobis"! and the clergy and populace cry "alleluia!" The bells chime merrily, and trumpets sound. There is a slight hush

as the delegate intones the *Te Deum Laudamus*."

Then the cries burst out again, the orchestra organ and grand choir joining in the hymn, the bells and trumpets mingling harmoniously. As the verse is sung the two pages draw aside the curtain, revealing the living picture of the "Miracle of the Roses."

*Te Deum laudamus; te Dominum Confitemur
Te aeternum Patrem vumis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes Angeli! tibi coeli et universae potestates
Tibi cherubim et seraphim; incessabili voce procla-
mant
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Domine Deus Sabaoth.*

The life of the Christian is hid in God;
Posterity its wreaths shall twine,
Of bay and laurel.

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